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THE

King of the Air.

1776.



1876.

BY

MRS O. S. MATTESON.

THE
CENTENNIAL FLIGHT
OF THE
KING OF THE AIR:

A POETICAL DESCRIPTION OF

THE BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, WITH THE
PLACES AND DATES OF THEIR OCCURRENCE;
AS SEEN BY THAT GRAND OLD BIRD,
THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

IN TWO CANTOS.

✓
BY MRS. O. S. MATTESON.

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1875.

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MRS. O. S. MATTESON.
1875.

TO
MY HUSBAND,

T. JEFFERSON MATTESON,

FOR HIS KINDNESS OF HEART, INTEGRITY OF CHARAC-
TER, AND STRICT MORAL PRINCIPLES, THIS
VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DED-

ICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTORY.

A hundred years ! Years fraught with joy and sorrow ! Years in which were crowded alike the voiceless pangs of unutterable woe and the sweet, delicious pulsings of the most intense bliss ! Years which alike saw the nation throbbing beneath a weight of gloom, or gliding in tranquil security on the Sea of Fate. Years in which storm-clouds and fierce winds cast their strength upon the Ship of State, or brightest sunbeams shimmered down through silvery rifts, glinting earth and sea with their wealth of golden beauty.

The dim, shadowy past is replete with memories of grand and mighty deeds, lofty, hope-inspired words, and burning thoughts that have given a silvery lining to hosts of tempest-riven clouds ! Grandest lives have come and gone, and the faithful, steadfast patriots, whose life-blood bought for us this grand Republic, have long been partakers of the divine glory their chivalric daring so richly merited.

And yet, on and on through the endless ages of the mystic future, shall the results of their noble life-work thrill through the mighty universe, perhaps unseen, unfelt in its ministry, yet silently, grandly adding more

perfect gems to the crowns of glory that awaited them in the unseen life.

Heaven is rich in noble lives, and yet earth boasts its heroes, whose deeds have thrilled the nation with unparalleled bravery. As years roll on they bring up from the depths of life, heroes whose grand souls freely devote their life-work to the common good, and whose thoughts are ever searching for some grand and beneficent result. Thus it has ever been — thus will it ever be. To-day the nation is a mighty power, steadfast and firm as the rock where first it blossomed in its frail and helpless childhood.

The bud of promise has become a grand and gorgeous tree, and its stalwart branches reach from sun to sun, gathering beneath their protecting care buds and blossoms from every clime. We trust that its noble proportions will never decrease, but that its grandeur will expand throughout an eternity.

AUTHOR.



THE KING OF THE AIR.

CANTO I.

FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

Where the cliff hung beetling over,
Toppling from the British coast—
Lashed by waves in fury driven,
Seething round in contact close—
Where the foam went dashing upward,
Falling back in misty spray,
Came an Eagle, deftly working,
Toiling mutely, day by day.

Where no mortal step could wander,
On the topmost shaggy crest—
Safe from shock of storms or billows,
There this Eagle built her nest;
Built it far above the rushing
Of the white-caps down below,
And the hissing of the waters
In their angry, sullen flow.

All day long she heard the dashing
Of the spray against the rock,
And the thunder of the billows
As they broke, with fearful shock;
And the wind, in fitful gushes
Soughed and whistled through the crags,
Died away in plaintive moanings,
As it kissed the pendant jags.

Overhead she saw the sunlight
Drifting down in golden rays,
And at eve the starry watchers
Twinkled, in their witching ways;
And afar, o'er wealth of country,
Came the sound of busy life,
And the scent of luscious fruitage—
Far away from war and strife.

Faithful watched she, till the breaking
Of the shells her efforts crowned,
And the snowy crested Eaglets
Grew to rise and sail around:
Then, from 'neath maternal guarding,
One, more bold and fearless grown,
Strained its vision westward, longing
For a land to call its own.

Daily round the crest he circled,
Gaining strength at every turn—
Dashing swiftly o'er the country,
Something of its ways to learn.
Poised he o'er the peasant's cottage,
O'er the castles of the peers,
Till he found that English grandeur
Gained its wealth by peasant's tears.

Thus he viewed their stately castles,
With their rich and costly grounds,
And their parks so full of beauty,
As he went his daily rounds:
And he sighed for toiling serfdom
Pining, longing to be free—
And his heart grew sick with yearning
For a land of liberty.

For a land where Freedom's vintage,
Garnered forth from Freedom's soil,
Blessed the poor as well as lofty—
Rightful pay for human toil:
For a land where Lord or Noble
Over peasant held no sway—
For a land where monarch's pleasure
Could not sign a life away.

Back beneath the drooping ledges—
Where the rocks were cleft apart,
And the waters ceased their howling,
'Mid the shadows dense and dark—
Came a wavelet, dashing, dancing,
Toying softly with the spray;
All the while, in sweetest measures,
Singing of a land away.

Eaglet listened to her music
As she dallied 'neath the cliff,
Till he caught her whispered meaning—
Whispered from a foaming drift;
Caught the song she sang so sweetly—
In her bright and sportive glee—
Of the hardships of a voyage
O'er the drear and joyless sea.

Gazed he o'er the waste of waters
As they boiled, and foamed, and seethed;
Yet he thought of naught but Freedom,
As a voiceless prayer he breathed.
One last look o'er England's grandeur—
One last sigh for "Home, Sweet Home"—
And the fearless, daring nestling
Shook his plumage and was gone.

From the topmost cliff uprising,
Where it jutted o'er the foam,
Came that brave and dauntless birdling,
Seeking for a Peerless home;
Came he sailing bravely onward,
Swiftly cleaving with his wings
Through the endless depths of ether,
Like a more than human thing.

Far beneath him rolled the billows,
Sending up a sullen roar;
Far above, the hosts of Heaven
And the unseen, mystic shore!
Now the reefs went out beneath him—
Now an island came in sight—
But its beauties, glowing, gorgeous,
Gave to him no sweet delight.

Though its groves were filled with songsters,
And its forests teemed with fruit,
And the grass so green and sparkling,
Sang its praises, sweet though mute;
All the light, and love, and beauty,
That he saw upon his way,
Quenched not Eaglet's wistful longing
For a home away, away!

So he cleft the azure, hoping
That his strength would bear him o'er;
For he knew that in the distance
He should find a friendly shore.
Wavelet whispered such a story
As she sported 'neath the crest—
So he hoped, but hope grew weary,
And he longed to be at rest!

Weak and faint, from sheer exhaustion—
Yet no land to greet his eye;
Ever westward, ever onward,
Still he flitted through the sky.
Ever wistful, ever watchful,
Gazed he toward the setting sun—
While the Ocean seethed beneath him
As he labored on, alone.

Ah! his eye lights up one moment
And his hopes seem all ablaze;
For, away in boundless distance
Sees he now a line of haze:
Surely, land is just before him—
Soon his heart will be at rest—
For this filmy haze grows darker
As it rises from the West.

Onward presses he a moment,
With a wild and blessed hope,
And his gaze fixed long and eager
O'er the broad and boundless scope:
Just one moment—eager, joyous,
As it looms up dark and grim—
Then a deep and savage mutter,
And his wistful sight grows dim.

Close upon him came the tempest
Till it seemed to gird him round;
And the lightning shot its terrors
'Mid an angry, crashing sound!
Then the wind came rushing onward,
Wrestling fiercely for his life—
And the storm-king, in its fury
Seemed with angry demons rife!

Loudly belched the booming thunder,
And the darkness seemed to pierce
With its venom'd tongues of fire
Through his vitals, sharp and fierce!
And the darting, dancing demons
That in blinding belches came,
Seemed to fasten flames of fury
On his poor, exhausted frame.

But he bravely bore the blindness,
As the weird wind whistled by;
Though its belches beat him backward,
He was doomed to do or die!
Crash on crash came o'er his hearing—
Peal on peal, yet still he breathed;
While, beneath him, angry billows
With their seething foam were wreathed.

Then it passed him; in its fury
Lashing surge: mountain high—
And it left him almost sinking,
As it vaulted, howling, by:
Then he listened to its mutter
As it madly tore away
O'er the trackless waste of waters—
Shutting out the smiling day.

Far beyond him boomed the thunder,
And the flashes fainter grew
Till they died away in distance,
Throwing back a rainbow hue:
Worn and bruised, with drooping pinions,
And his heart with anguish bowed—
What can save him from the billows?
What can save our birdling now?

Ah! he falters—wavers—trembles—
From exhaustion weak and faint;
Nerves and sinews snap and quiver,
Yet he utters no complaint!
Looks he down upon the billows,
Seething, roaring madly by,
Mounting up as if to catch him
In his flight along the sky.

Oh, how blissful seemed that homestead
He had left with hopes so high;
Hopes that led him on to madness—
Led him on to do or die!
Just below him seethed the billows,
Waiting for his strength to fail;
He must struggle—naught but Ocean
Near, to catch his dying wail!

Thoughts went rushing, ranting backward—
Blissful thoughts of "Home, Sweet Home,"
Of the dear and tranquil resting
Ere this burning thought had come:
Dear old home! How well he prized it
Now 'twas lost forevermore—
For his strength was fast departing,
And his eyes were blurring o'er!

Ah! he settles—downward, downward!
Surely life is almost spent;
Yet away in endless distance
Still his anguished gaze is bent.
Angry billows almost grasp him,
And he feels the eager spray
As it dashes up in triumph,
Clutching for its welcome prey.

Almost sank he 'neath the waters,
And he gave himself to die!
For he saw no land uprising
In his glance along the sky:
But the billows' mocking mutter,
And the white-caps' eager moan,
Gave him strength to battle faintly
For his life, and for a home.

Onward still, a little longer,
And he drooped his failing eye;
Though he thought of turning homeward,
It would only be to die.
For the endless track of Ocean
Only mocked him, in his woe,
And he knew 'twould shortly claim him
In its revels down below!

One more trial—one exertion—
One more westward look, and then—
If the waste of waters mocked him,
He would never look again!
Quick he strained his vision westward—
One swift glance, with filmy eye;
One great throb of joy and gladness
And he shot along the sky!

In the distance saw he something—
Land had risen on his view!
All his weariness forgotten,
All his sinews strung anew.
Eagerly he cleft the ether,
With his gaze fixed on the land,
For he saw the rocks uprising,
And beheld the shining strand!

In the battle he had conquered,
For the sight of land ahead
Sent his life-blood coursing swiftly,
Though his hope had almost fled;
And the mocking, mirthful laughter
Of the foaming, boiling deep,
Roused him up to mighty action
From his almost deathly sleep.

Far and wide, in endless distance
Stretched the land he saw ahead;
As he strained his eyes, now sparkling,
That so late were almost dead!
Shot new vigor through his muscles
At that glad and welcome view,
And the life-blood, erst so dormant
Coursed along his veins anew!

Ocean roared, and foamed, and muttered!
Mad that she had lost her prey!
Mountain waves tossed up their waters,
White-caps dashed aloft their spray;
But it mattered not to Eaglet,
For he neared a place of rest;
And no more he sighed for Britain
Or his home upon the crest!

Nearer came he, glad and joyful
As he proudly viewed the land,
For its acres seemed as countless
As the sparkling grains of sand;
And its forests, filled with beauty
Seemed to nod him welcome home
As they saw him proudly sailing
O'er the billows' angry foam!

Here before him, broad and fruitful,
Spread a land by Heaven blessed!
And he gazed in triumph o'er it
Ere he settled down to rest.
Gently folded he his pinions—
Birdling of fair Freedom's stock!
And, with *Liberty* his watchword
Lighted down on PLYMOUTH ROCK!

Here was rest. No more exertion
For his weary, throbbing limbs;
No more wistful, anxious yearning
For the cliff, so dark and grim.
Here was wild, uncultured nature,
Luscious fruitage, rich and rare,
Only waiting to be garnered
With a little watchful care.

O'er the land in wonder gazed he
As he rested from his toil;
For it seemed to him as boundless
As his own forsaken soil.
Then he thought of all his labors
In his flight across the sea,
And how near he came to perish
In his search for LIBERTY.

From the forest, as he listened
Came the song of many birds,
And they seemed to greet his coming
With a burst of kindly words.
Little recked they, as he fiercely
Gazed upon them in their flight,
Of the peril they were courting,
Which would grasp them ere the night.

Soft and mellow came the sunlight
O'er the dimness far away,
Greeting, with a tender welcome
Firstling of a glorious sway;
Came the dreamy rays of sunset
Shim'ring o'er the forest's gloam,
Glinting earth with gold and purple
For a royal "welcome home!"

Out upon the toppling billows
Flashed the sunset glories down,
Molding countless pearly jewels
From the spray they dashed around;
And the clouds in gauzy fleeces
Sailing softly overhead,
Lingered like a maze of beauty—
Pink, and gold, and silver edged.

Longer grew the somber shadows,
Shooting out o'er Ocean's surf,
Forming spectres in the woodland,
Glancing down upon the earth.
Eaglet proudly raised his pinions
And the breeze a moment fanned,
Rose aloft in blissful triumph
In his first flight o'er the land.

Darker, denser grew the shadows,
And the foam upon the sea
Looked like spectres in the distance,
Dancing in their revelry.
And the songsters in the woodland
Only sang in plaintive tones;
And the breeze soughed through the forest
Filled with harsh and dismal moans!

Twilight slowly crept o'er Ocean,
And the stars came, one by one;
First with dim and hazy twinkling,
Then like sparkling gems they shone.
And they kissed the dancing crystals
That the waves tossed up on high,
And, when mirrored back by pearl drops
Shone like jewels in the sky!

All was peaceful save the Ocean
With its tumbling, plunging waves,
Which kept up a ceaseless thunder
As they boiled, and foamed, and raved;
And the breaking of the billows
As they dashed against the beach,
Kept a harsh and dismal clatter
That far inland seemed to reach.

Ere the twilight ceased its gleaming
Came our darling birdling home;
And the night seemed strange and weirdlike
As he rested there alone
Near the music of the waters,
Which so late had seemed a curse,
When he thought his weary life-strings
With their agony would burst.

Leaflets quivered as he settled
On a forest monarch near,
Where the rock which first received him
Gave him mute, yet welcome cheer.
And the natives in the branches,
Mutely settled for the night,
Fluttered out from cover, trembling
In their terror and affright.

Sweetly slept he till the morning,
Dreaming he was home again;
For the billows' ceaseless rumbling
Made sweet music for him then.
But he missed the tender pressure
Of the softly feathered breast
Which had guarded him so gently,
In that well remembered nest.

Then the waking at the dawning,
When his senses cleared away,
Brought remembrance of the anguish
He had borne from day to day;
And his thoughts went teeming backward
Till he followed all his flight;
Felt again the fearful anguish,
And the dimming, blurring sight!

But he shook his ruffled plumage
With an eager, anxious heart,
As he watched the coming dawning,
For the night was long and dark.
And the dreary waste before him
With the shadows o'er its breast—
Seemed to close up darkly round him
As if jealous of his rest.

Slowly o'er the dreary Ocean
Came the gray of early dawn;
Then the streaks of faintest crimson,
That betokened balmy morn:
Next, the rosy flush far eastward,
Crimsoning the pearly foam,
Then the soft and liquid silver
Flashing o'er the toppling comb.

From the forest just beside him
Came the faintest breath of song,
From the host of waking warblers
Giving greetings to the morn.
Then it swelled, a mighty chorus,
And the woods seemed full of life,
With the loudly braying trumpet
And the shrill and timid fife.

Now the Ocean changed her raiment,
Casting off her crimson robe,
Dropping down her belt of silver
To the mermaid's rich abode;
And her graceful, pearly chaplet
She disdained to longer wear,
Donning now her royal vestments,
Golden hued, with jewels rare.

Then from out the midst of waters
Forth her golden chaplet came;
Hosts of sapphires trembling o'er it,
Gems and jewels without name.
Rich, and rare, and massive opals
Glinted from a thousand ways,
While the sheen of countless diamonds
Glimmered forth their lustrous rays.

O'er the forest came the gleaming
Of old Ocean's peerless crown,
And the golden rays grew brilliant
Over all the land around.
And the earth was clothed in beauty,
As it left the dancing crest—
Yet it lingered long and fondly
On the Ocean's pearly breast.

Every leaf had caught a jewel
From the spray that dashed the beach,
And the sunbeams glinting o'er them
Made a golden globe of each;
And the dew-drops on the grasses
Hung in pendant crystal gems,
As they quivered from the motion
Of the gently swaying stems.

Eaglet gazed like one enchanted
O'er this bright and lovely scene—
With its dense and sweeping forests,
And its mossy beds of green;
And the weird and witching music
Which from hosts of warblers came,
Seemed to echo through the mazes
Of the endless forest chain.

But his heart was filled with yearning
For a view along the coast,
Yet he needed rest and quiet
Ere he ventured from his post;
So he sallied o'er the forest
In his search for something rare,
And he found that farther inland
It was just as bright and fair.

Then he plumed his pinions softly
As he lingered on the coast,
And he listened to the wavelets
As they gathered round him close;
And he sought the one that sent him
On his journey o'er the sea,
Where she said a home was waiting
For the brave, and true, and free.

Days passed on, and native Eagles
Strove to catch him in their toils —
Sought to drive him from his treasures;
From the broad and boundless soil.
But our birdling, firm and dauntless,
Gave no ground when once attained;
And he plumed his rumpled pinions
As his answer boldly came.

One bright morn, new strength imparted,
And his vigor all renewed,
Eaglet scanned the scenes around him
With a voiceless pain subdued.
Gazed he o'er the forest's grandeur,
O'er the fair and mossy land;
Listened sadly to the chorus
Of the darling feathered band.

O'er the Ocean ran his vision —
Deepest thunder met his ears —
And the foam it dashed so madly
Seemed to melt in briny tears;
And the grandeur of its music
Sent a homeless, voiceless dread!
He had learned to love it dearly
In the days so quickly fled.

Down the coast it still would greet him,
Yet this one dear spot he loved —
For it gave him blessed welcome
When all hope had failed, above.
And the billows, bright with sunbeams,
Thought he demons, then, to be;
Now, they seemed as sweet companions
In his flight across the sea.

Now, the tossing of the white-caps
Looked to him like fairy sport;
And the billows, rolling fiercely
Seemed their soft embrace to court;
And the splashing of the waters
On the brightly sanded beach,
Scattered up a thousand jewels,
With a rainbow spanning each.

Oh, he loved their mystic music
As they seethed around the shore,
And the grand old mountain billows
Tumbled proudly o'er and o'er;
And the curling, foaming eddies
That went spinning wildly round,
Gave a joyous, purling tinkle,
Just a faint, enchanting sound.

But he gathered up his musings
With a sad and troubled heart,
For his duty led him onward —
With their music he must part;
And the grandeur he had worshiped
In his new and lovely home,
Soon, alas, must be deserted;
He must sally forth alone!

Down the coast his vision trembled,
Till it blended with the sky;
And he knew that in those mazes
He must wander by and by.
Yet he hoped his new adventure
Might be blest for Freedom's sake —
That this broad and princely country
Might a home for millions make.

But he gave a last look round him,
And aloft his form uprose,
With his senses all awakened
From his calm and sweet repose;
And he cleft the ether firmly
In his proud and lofty flight,
And the scenes that passed beneath him,
Gave to him a grand delight.

Hills and valleys met his vision —
Rivers plunged along their way,
And the thickly wooded country
Gave his fancy brightest play.
Now a hill in hoary baldness
Came up boldly to his view;
Now a valley dark with verdure,
With a brooklet rippling through.

Then the coast, rock-ribbed and rugged,
Thick with crags, and shelving o'er,
With its jagged sides all time-worn
From the dash, and rush, and roar;
Then the plain, with grass embedded —
Then the lovely, quiet dell —
With the tinkling, purling music
Of the waters, as they fell.

Up the rivers pressed our birdling,
O'er their broad and sweeping breasts —
Now their banks all dark with timber,
Now all rough, with vacant crests.
Now the dash of rushing waters
Met his ear with dismal roar,
Echoed forth with grandest tumult,
Rumbling out from shore to shore.

Oh, he found a priceless treasure
When he gained this fairy land;
When he lighted, all exhausted,
On the rock-ribbed, hoary strand;
For it crept away in distance
Where the denser shadows lie,
And the clouds and verdure blended
Till they kissed the arching sky.

Years passed on, and still he wandered,
Beckoned on by beauties rare,
For this witching life of wildness
Seemed to him most wondrous fair;
And the red men of the forest,
And the darling, dove-eyed deer,
And the birds, with witching music
Gave to him most welcome cheer.

Oft he saw the shadows lengthen
As they lengthened long ago,
And he listened to the billows
In their ceaseless ebb and flow.
And he heard the happy songsters
As they twittered out their joy,
But they brought him not that sweetness
Which had seemed without alloy.

Years had brought him nothing better
Than this wild and roving life,
With its rich and varied beauties,
And with countless blessings rife.
But he longed for braver action —
Something bolder yet than this —
Something which would, in the future,
Stir his soul with deepest bliss.

Stronger grew his inward yearning
As he hovered o'er the land,
Where the songbirds' ceaseless twitter
Met his ear on every hand.
And the blossoms mid the grasses
Raised their soft and dewy eyes,
As they smiled their happy greetings
To the cloudlets in the skies.

But at length a thought came o'er him —
He must see his home again;
Not the one across the ocean —
That was nothing to him then;
But the one where first he landed,
Weak, and faint, and sick, and sore,
Which to him would e'er be sacred,
Though he saw it never more.

Up the coast, once more returning,
Where the land received him first,
Little recking, little dreaming
Of the sight that o'er him burst.
Thronging mem'ries spanned the distance,
Anxious hopes his heart assailed;
But a scene now met his vision,
Which his soul with rapture hailed.

There, upon his own loved bowlder
Sat a maiden young and fair —
And the sunlight on the ocean,
Was not brighter than her hair;
And she gazed across the waters
With a sad and somber smile,
As she sang a rippling sonnet
In a sweet and plaintive style.

Eaglet looked from her to Ocean,
And his senses seemed to fail;
Out upon the foam-capped billows
Lay a fleet just setting sail.
Then, while looking for the voices
Up along the sandy beach,
Saw he scores of human beings
Sadly gazing toward the fleet.

Thus he knew some swift winged angel
Must have carried back the word,
That a home of peace and Freedom
Had been gained by *Freedom's bird!*
And his heart was wild with triumph
As he sallied o'er their homes,
For he saw their fleet fast sailing
O'er the billows' toppling combs.

Now the place was all invaded
Where at first he lighted down,
And the birds that sang him welcome,
Only gave a saddened sound;
Thus the coming of the pilgrims,
With their weary days of toil,
Gave a wider scope of vision
O'er the rich and spreading soil.

Eaglet seemed like one enchanted
With the work so well begun,
For he saw that, in the future,
This would reach from sun to sun!
And he knew that bold and fearless
Would this band of pilgrims be—
They had proved it by their coming
O'er the dark and stormy sea.

O'er the coast he flew exultant,
As he saw their huts appear;
For this wealth of witching wildness
Seemed to Eaglet wondrous dear;
But he peered amid the shadows
'Neath the woodland's mystic shade,
Lest the foe from out its mazes
Crept adown the sylvan glade.

He had seen their noiseless creeping
In the forest's tangled depths,
When the game was all unmindful
Of their stealthy, muffled steps;
Noiselessly they crept upon them,
Parting leaf, and bough, and branch,
And the arrow's deadly piercing
Warned them first of their advance.

Close beside him, as he listened,
Came a tinkling, rippling wail,
And he saw 't was just the water
From a tiny inland swail,
Which kept dripping, tinkling, singing,
As it slowly went its way,
Creeping, drop by drop, toward Ocean,
Yet so happy and so gay.

Thus might Freedom, while so feeble,
Only gather drop by drop,
But its long and toilsome journey
Must in something grander stop.
As the swail at last reached Ocean,
By its dripping, dripping on,
In the dim and distant future
Freedom's Ocean might be won.

But there came a time of terror
To those brave and daring souls,
For the stealthy steps of red men
Through the forest mazes stole.
Yet so silent were their footfalls
As they crept upon their foes,
That no sound had given warning
Till their hideous war cry rose.

Then came deeds of blackest horror,
As they rushed to combat fierce,
With the dead and wounded heroes
Deep with balls and arrows pierced!
And the burning, blazing buildings,
As they flashed their red arms out,
Seemed exulting with the savage
In his wild and fiendish shout.

Eaglet's heart was soft and tender,
And he sighed for fallen hopes;
For, before the white man's coming,
Red men roamed this boundless scope,
Monarchs of this land of plenty,
Free as air, they roamed at will —
Now, their hunting-grounds invaded,
Driven back from hill to hill.

Dear old scenes that once were sacred —
Scenes their mem'ries held most dear —
All were gone, and paltry trinkets
Only gave them passing cheer.
Dearly bought, those worthless baubles,
For their hunting grounds were gone;
All their happy joys departed —
Hushed their loud and fearless song.

Forest birds had piped their greetings
Every morning, at the dawn,
And the squirrels in the tree-tops,
Danced and chattered all day long.
And the tiny, dove-eyed blossoms
That the leaves could not conceal,
Lifted up their tender petals,
With a mute, but glad appeal.

Now the songbirds only mocked them,
Though they still sang just the same,
And the ranting, romping squirrels,
Chattered wildly, all in vain;
And the dainty, pink-hued beauties
That looked up from 'neath their feet,
Only gave them thirst for vengeance,
By their glance, so pure and sweet.

Now they peered out in the thickets,
Glancing round with great unrest,
As in light canoes they darted
Down the river's turbid breast;
For a foe might now be lurking
On the thickly wooded bank —
So each dip was slow and muffled,
And their voices softly sank.

Broad and placid flowed the rivers
As they rambled toward the surf,
Glancing in beneath the ledges,
Washing out the clinging turf,
Snatching leaflets from the tree tops
Bending down from broken crags,
Wavelets twirling, twisting, tumbling,
Hoisting leaflets up for flags.

Boulders broad and high, and hoary
Lay in sullen, somber mood,
Flirting back the sunbeams drifting
Through the overhanging wood;
And the wavelets kissed the mosses
That crept down the humid mould,
Where the dark and rock-ribbed mountains
Stretched up high, and grand, and bold.

Years passed on, and every nation
Sent its influx o'er the soil,
And the red man's wealth of country
Went to serve the white man's toil;
And the sound of busy workmen
Echoed through the forest aisles,
As they felled the giant heroes
In the deeply tangled wilds.

But at length a sad disaster
Came to sicken hearts of steel;
For the foe attacked their hamlets
With a fierce and deadly zeal.
Secretly their plans were nurtured—
Treacherous their vows of peace,
For they came, all unsuspected,
When all thoughts of war had ceased.

Towns were sacked, and homesteads rifled
By the natives, in their hate,
For they seemed like savage demons,
Bringing on such fearful fate.
Thirsting for the blood of victims,
Pushed they on the work of death,
Till along the whole great border
There was found no place of rest.

All the settlers felt their vengeance,
For the fiends pressed quickly on,
And the smoke that curled so wildly,
Told which way the foe had gone!
And the flames that shot so brightly,
Showed their savage, painted forms,
As they danced around the embers
That were darkened ere the morn!

Women, frail, and fair, and shrinking—
Tender children, sweet eyed babes;
All the pets of manhood's household,
Dragged they to their early graves!
Yet our men were strong to suffer,
And they bravely fought them down;
Though their foes were lurking demons,
Yet they fell by scores around.

Charged they fiercely to the battle,
And the contest wildly raged,
Till the Indian hosts were routed,
Though they deadly warfare waged;
But they fled before the valor
Of our brave and gallant men,
For they fought for rifled homesteads
That might never bloom again.

So they followed up their foemen
To their guarded fort away,
Deep embedded in the forest
Where the shadows thickest lay;
In a wild and tangled jungle
All impaled for close defense,
Stood their rude and warlike fortress,
Yet they drove their forces hence.

Eaglet watched with eyes of pity
O'er the young and growing States,
For he saw that discords ripened
Into strange and fitful shapes;
When the Indian feuds were settled
Discontent crept through their ranks;
And a jealous, angry portion
Back within the forest shrank.

So for years and years he saw it
As he journeyed up and down,
Pushing back along the borders,
O'er their new and thriving towns:
Eaglet prized the witching scenery
Ere the forest monarchs fell,
And the birds were driven backward
With the songs he loved so well.

Oh, he dearly loved the woodland,
With its purling, singing streams,
And the sunlight rippling o'er them
With its weird and fitful gleams,
As it peered amid the leaflets
For a glance at wavelets crest—
Making bright the fitful shadows
In their wild and weird unrest.

And the green and mossy carpets
In the darkly shaded dells,
Where no sunlight ever rested
On the damp and pearly shells;
And the tender, meek-eyed mosses
That would droop 'neath sunlight's kiss
As they closed their tender petals
In their new and blinding bliss.

And he loved the gentle music
Of the breeze that fanned the twigs,
Causing hosts of joyous whispers
From the leaves in merry jigs;
Loved to watch them twirling, spinning,
At they broke from tender boughs,
From the passionate embraces
Of the breeze, with fitful vows.

In the deep and dark recesses
Where the tangled thickets grew,
And the marshes with their vapors
Rising up with grayish hue;
Where the frogs with ceaseless piping
Sent out croakings all day long,
Eaglet loved to light and listen
To the forests witching song.

So his life went on untroubled,
Save by constant growing feuds
That were rife among the people,
And which time had not subdued;
For the mixed and mingled nations
Wanted each to bear the sway—
And at last their quarrels ended
In a sad and mournful day.

Dark oppressions from the British
With their royal notions filled,
Gathered o'er this infant country,
Prone to guide it as they willed.
But the people loved their Freedom,
And the British sadly found
That a monarch's harsh oppression
Could not curse their noble ground.

Washington, our country's hero —
Grand and noble, firm and true,
With his courage, strength and valor
Carried safe our country through.
At the dark defeat of Braddock,
Long before fair Freedom's strife,
He alone, amid the carnage,
Seemed to bear a guarded life.

Up and down amid the firing,
After half the troops had fled—
Nearly all the leaders wounded,
Braddock numbered with the dead;
On his charger proudly seated,
Dashed he 'neath the deadly fire,
And, though fast they fell beside him,
Still unhurt remained our sire.

Near this time another battle
'Twixt the French and British raged;
Others followed, till the British
Almost ceaseless warfare waged;
Then a lull, and Eaglet, sickened
By the horrid sights he saw,
Fled away to distant borders
With his heart benumbed with awe.



CANTO II.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Here again for years he lingered,
All his senses sweetly fed
By the luscious wealth of nature
Fostered on her mossy bed;
Sights and sounds were all so lovely
In their mystic, mazy home,
That he asked for nothing grander
Than amid those wilds to roam.

Valleys guarded from the tempest
By their sentinels so grand,
Seemed to court his princely favor
For their richly treasured land;
And the becks that bubbled through them
Rich with tiny flecks of foam,
Sent up kisses without number
For a welcome to their home.

Now came rippling o'er the country
Sounds that made him blanch with fear;
And the beck that hubbled 'neath him
Threw him up a pearly tear;
And her song was turned to mourning,
For her king would speed away,
And in distant countries linger
Through the long and dreary day.

Tree tops shivered as they heard it—
Blossoms bowed their heads in awe—
Mosses crept to earth more closely,
As the Eagle's dread they saw:
Now the sound came shiv'ring, shaking
Through the mountain gorges near,
Then, through valleys muttered, rumbled,
Falling sadly on the ear.

Birdlings stopped their songs to listen,
While the wind in sullen soughs
Swept around the shelving summits
Of the mountains dark and rough.
Nature seemed all sad and gloomy,
As so harshly came the sound,
For the shots from scores of muskets
Seemed to scatter o'er the ground.

Then the booming of the cannon
Roared and trembled through the gorge,
And the shrieks of dying heroes
Firmer Eagle's fury forged;
And he poised his pinions proudly,
Fiercely shook his plumage out,
And he cleft the azure sharply
As he echoed back the shout!

Mosses raised their eyes despairing—
Birdlings sang in plaintive strains—
Flow'rets poised their cups in sadness—
He would ne'er come back again.
And the beck, with bosom heaving,
Shut the sunlight from her face,
As she bubbled down the valley
'Neath the boughs all interlaced.

Eagle found new source of sorrow
As he swiftly sped away,
For he saw the hamlets 'neath him
Guarded round by night and day.
And he knew that war was brewing
For a long and bloody siege;
For he found the patriots training
In their sadly urgent needs.

But the battle which had roused him
From his rest in sylvan lands,
Was the first of bloody horrors
That should free our gallant bands;
Lexington first heard the booming—
Concord next received attack,
But the British marched in terror
As they hurried swiftly back.

Like the wing of Fate spread o'er them
Followed vengeance on their track,
For those blunt and sturdy heroes
In their courage did not lack.
Out from mound, and tree, and thicket,
Came the flash, and crack, and roar;
Then a dash to gain a shelter,
Then the scene enacted o'er.

That first shot aroused the country,
And from field and shop they came;
Brave, determined, stalwart heroes—
Heroes who have blessed the name.
They had shown their matchless bravery
At their raid in Boston Bay,
Where, disguised as Mohawk Indians,
They had flung the *tea* away.

News from Lexington and Concord
Quickly down the borders went,
And the people, deeply injured,
Seemed on fighting most intent;
They had seen their lands invaded,
And their Freedom was at stake;
So they made their preparations,
All their vigilance awake.

Ethan Allen, brave and noble,
In the meantime took the field,
And, with Arnold, bold and fearless,
Made two noble stations yield.
First Ticonderoga yielded—
This they found an easy prey;
Still undaunted, pressed they closely,
And at Crown Point won the day.

Generals Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton
Came, with new troops, o'er the sea,
But their plans, though formed in secret,
Seemed on swiftest wings to flee.
Deepest threats were all unheeded,
Plots were thwarted, vengeance baulked;
And their stern, unflinching foemen,
At their boasting only mocked.

Eagle watched with throbbing pulses,
While he thought their plots complete,
But his heart with joy exulted,
As he saw their sure defeat.
And the gallant sons of Freedom,
Though their numbers were so small,
Seemed so brave, that Eagle wondered
If their hopes would ever fall.

Now the Bunker Hill intrenchment,
Boldly thrown up in the night
By a brave and gallant handfull,
Caught the jealous Britons' sight;
And from out their sullen war ships,
Lying in the river near,
Came the heavy boom of cannon,
Striking sharply on the ear.

Pealed it wildly through the timber
As it rumbled o'er the coast;
And the balls and bombshells rattled,
Sent with Britons' fiercest boast.
But they kept a steady working,
As they listened to the roar,
And they saw the foe embarking,
Bringing scores of troops ashore.

Howe and Pigot, with their soldiers,
Charged to battle, grim and fierce,
While brave Prescott calmly waited
Till the balls could closer pierce.
Twice the foe, 'neath deadly aiming
And their lines all shot away;
Turned to fly — but Henry Clinton
Brought them back and gained the day.

While the battle raged so fiercely,
Lurid flames shot up on high,
And the light from burning Charlestown
Bathed in red the arching sky.
Pigot vented forth his hatred
As he fired this thriving town,
And the flames, all through the battle
Flashed their lurid light around.

Eagle watched this dark destruction
With a heart benumbed with pain;
For he knew that all this toiling
Had been labor done in vain.
And his thoughts went out in hatred
Toward the author of this sin,
For the crackling of the buildings
Mingled with the horrid din.

Warren fell — so brave and fearless,
Leading on his stalwart men,
And the blow seemed doubly painful,
For the shot came from a friend.
Cool and dastardly the action,
For the aim was calmly drawn;
And the soldiers wept the hero
From their ranks so early gone.

Eagle pined for becks and birdlings,
As the armies sank to rest,
For a lull had come between them
Since brave Warren met his death.
Washington, our loved commander,
Had at Cambridge just arrived,
But, for battles 'twixt the armies,
Gallant skirmishes sufficed.

While on Bunker Hill, the British
Had intrenched themselves so well,
Half a mile in front, our fortress
On their view undaunted fell;
And the firing from the soldiers
Echoed back in gallant rounds,
As they bade their foes defiance
From their strongly guarded grounds.

Other portions, meanwhile, suffered,
For the war swept o'er the land;
On the sea, the royal cruisers
Made themselves a pirate band.
Thus, while roving, warring seamen
Chased our vessels, burned our towns,
On the land their needs were urgent,
For the foe pressed thickly round.

Now, at Hampton boomed the cannon,
For they tried to burn the town,
But they found the brave Virginians
Boldly, firmly stood their ground;
And the British ranks all broken,
Shrank away with fitful beat,
Scores of comrades dead and dying
In their sullen, sad retreat.

Soon, while Eagle watched so anxious,
Cannon boomed from o'er the sea;
And the lovely town of Norfolk
Next in order seemed to be.
Eagle knew Lord Dunmore's orders,
Given out with such a frown
As he sent on shore the sailors,
Were, *to burn the hated town.*

So, from out the fated buildings
Came bright puffs of lurid flame,
And the smoke grew thick above it—
Cries of horror from it came.
Flames went crackling through the timbers,
Smoke curled fiercer, farther out,
And our Eagle, list'ning seaward,
Heard Lord Dunmore's joyful shout.

Thus it perished; and the Eagle
Saw its ashes blown about,
And he caught up Dunmore's fierceness
As he answered back the shout.
But no joy was in the answer,
For 'twas full of bitter hate;
And his mocking, taunting mutter
Seemed to herald Dunmore's fate.

Forced to flee, no honor left him,
Dunmore safety sought with Howe,
While our men pushed on their conquests
Making pride to valor bow.
Fort St. John at last was conquered,
Chamblée fell before their sway,
Montreal was made a victim,
Carleton fain to quit the fray.

Toward Quebec, through fearful trials,
Marched our men, so strong and brave,
But the march was filled with horrors,
Deeper, darker than the grave.
Rapid streams, and oft recurring
Came before them, in their march;
Waterfalls which near engulfed them
Sent despair to stoutest hearts!

Endless woods, and dark morasses
Seemed their agony to mock,
And the plunging mountain torrents
Served their dearest hopes to baulk.
Worn ones turned from out those horrors
Fainting, from their cruel wants;
But the bolder, sterner portion
Braved again those demon haunts.

Hunger, with its fearful grappling
Pinched and clutched, till famished jaws,
Eager, fierce, ate dreaded reptiles,
In their zeal to serve the cause.
Oh! the fearful, blinding tortures
Which their sinking souls rehearsed,
For at last their cartridge boxes
Went to deaden hunger's curse.

Bold Montgomery, noble, daring,
Who had longed to take the town,
In the midst of dismal winter
Drew his brave men closely round.
Just before Quebec he quartered,
Swung aloft a flag of truce,
But the soldiers fired upon it,
Adding insult to abuse.

So, with Arnold in one quarter
With a small but fearless troop,
And his own band in another
Charged they on with gallant swoop;
But the cannon pointed toward them,
Pouring out their deadly shot,
And Montgomery fell a victim
'Neath the firing, fierce and hot.

Thus our troops were shortly routed,
And they fell back, sick and sore;
For their ghastly, cold commander
In their ranks they sadly bore!
He had died, a martyred hero—
Bravely leading on his men;
And the wind in plaintive moanings
Sadly sang his requiem.

Greatly thinned was now the army
Which was camped before the town;
Only just a feeble handful,
For disease had cut them down.
Ere the dreary winter ended
Arnold tried their works again,
But he found they stood the onset
With a treble force of men.

Eagle watched with deepest sorrow
O'er this band, once strong and brave,
For the hardships they endured
Brought them early to the grave;
Cold and bleak the wind swept o'er them,
Angry storms their barracks filled,
Till, through storms, disease and hunger,
Scores of noble hearts were stilled!

Oh, how tenderly he watched them,
As the snow flakes piled around—
Sifting in upon their blankets
As they pressed the frozen ground;
And their forms, so thinly covered
Uttered now and then a moan,
While their ghastly, upturned faces
Seemed to plead for "Home, Sweet Home."

But at last came balmy breezes,
And the snow flakes, pearly white,
Wept themselves away in dew drops,
Bringing fragrance to the night;
And the birds began their matins,
And the woods were full of song,
For the summer time was coming,
And the dreary winter gone.

General Thomas came to lead them,
In the mystic month of May,
But he found them weak and feeble,
Struggling on from day to day.
Re-enforcements came to Carlton,
Who commanded at Quebec,
And he marched upon our forces—
Drove them back, a joyless wreck.

Deep disasters seemed to thicken
Round our brave, devoted band,
For the battle of the Cedars
Struck new terror through the land.
Then Burgoyne pursued our forces—
Checked the race so well begun—
Wrested Montreal from Arnold—
Siezed those forts so lately won.

Thus the Canada invasion
Proved a loss instead of gain,
For our men had died by hundreds,
And by hundreds had been slain;
And the British were receiving
Troops and stores from o'er the sea,
So it seemed but rash to combat,
Yet they loved their liberty!

As the winter ceased its hardships
And the spring took up its sway,
Eagle left Quebec's cold climate,
And to Boston winged his way;
There the British troops were quartered,
Idly waiting for the spring,
While, to Washington's force near them
Stalwart men came filing in.

Howe at length sent out an army
Boldly burning buildings down,
Washington meanwhile preparing
For attack upon the town;
But our Eagle hovered near him
With a strange, magnetic might,
And he turned his thoughts all southward
To the bold Dorchester Height.

This, when fortified, would give him
Sweeping range o'er Howe's whole troop,
And, unless they left their quarters,
Make the British standard droop:
So, one night a strong detachment
Passed in silence o'er the neck,
While the cannon's ceaseless booming
Served their marching to protect.

All night long they toiled unwearied,
While the sounds of work were drowned
By the echo of the booming
As it rumbled o'er the ground:
And, as morning, gray and dusky,
Sent her greetings up on high,
Stalwart forts, and brave defenses
Stood out boldly on the sky.

Howe with ghastly terror viewed them,
For he saw his danger now;
And he sought to drive the forces
From this bold and beetling brow.
But a storm came swiftly o'er him,
And his vessels went adrift,
While the rain came down in torrents,
Rushing dismally and swift.

Eagle cleft the air in triumph,
Almost giddy with delight,
As he saw the bold defenses
Which were thrown up in one night;
And, when Howe, so dark and sullen,
Gave command to drive them out,
Eagle gazed in triumph westward,
Almost sending forth a shout.

O'er the sky came swiftly scudding
Lines of dark and vengeful hue,
Such as once he saw o'er Ocean,
When his heart so joyous grew.
Well remembered was the anguish
Which the distant mutter brought,
And the blearing, blinding battle
He so wildly, fiercely fought.

Now he saw the drifting, shifting
Of the clouds, in stern advance,
But they looked all fraught with beauty
To his eager, joyful glance;
And the mutter in the distance
Seemed like music to his ear,
For he knew 'twould send destruction
To the plans Howe held so dear.

So, one Sunday, shortly after,
In the dark and dreary morn,
With the chill March winds upon them,
Pressed they seaward, all forlorn;
But their hurry was so urgent
That no order did they mind,
And they sailed in great confusion,
Leaving piles of stores behind.

On the Height the flag-staff quivered,
In a stalwart, clutching hand,
And glad peals of martial music
Came from Washington's brave band!
Then they filed in solemn glory
Through the streets just left by Howe,
While a wreath of blessings gathered
Round their leader's peerless brow!

British ships came o'er the Ocean,
Standing in for Boston Bay,
All unconscious that their army
Had so lately flown away;
But they found men there to greet them --
Men not quite of their belief,
Yet their ships were safely harbored,
And their stores were brought to grief.

Now, from Boston fled our Eagle,
For the place was safe from harm,
And he longed to visit Plymouth,
Which for him still held a charm.
So he listened as he flitted
To the sounds upon the way,
And he found that feuds were spreading,
Growing thicker, day by day.

On his old and sacred boulder,
Where he lighted in distress,
Dropped he down to gaze o'er Ocean,
Draped in white and gauzy dress;
Billows foamed, and seethed, and muttered,
As they did long years ago,
And the white-caps tossed up jewels
They had gathered down below.

Glancing out once more on Ocean,
Dotted here and there with sail,
Eagle's heart grew sick and weary,
And his senses seemed to fail.
Out upon the billows trembled
Scores of objects, small and white,
Creeping slowly, faintly moving,
Thus it seemed to Eagle's sight.

Proudly from his rest he started;
Eagerly he dashed away;
And the foam crept on beneath him,
With the billows' surging play.
Throbs of pain went pulsing through him
As he neared that mass of snow,
For he saw a fleet fast sailing
O'er the billows' mystic flow.

Stalwart ships were those beneath him,
Standing in for Charleston Bay;
And he cleft the sunbeams fiercely,
As he sped in fear away.
But his heart beat high in triumph
As he found them all in arms,
For the men were ready stationed
Waiting for the first alarms.

They had fortified in earnest,
In the fear of coming war;
For a fort on Sullivan's Island
Six miles out, our Eagle saw.
All the way from that to Charleston
Were our troops prepared to fight,
Stationed where they'd most be needed,
If their aids had told them right.

Swiftly came the fleet o'er Ocean,
And at last was placed in force;
Eight enormous war-ships charging,
With their cannon, grim and hoarse.
And the booming o'er the waters
Echoed fiercely 'mid the hills,
Quivered out through glen and forest
With its weird and startling chills.

But the fort upon the Island,
Where brave Moultrie led the troops,
Answered back the booming thunder
Which came bursting from the sloops.
Slowly, surely, closely aiming,
Poured they forth their deadly hail —
Every shot, with fierce precision
Forcing out the dying wail.

Henry Clinton, with his land force
Came to win the British cause,
But the channel, often forded,
Brought him to a sudden pause;
Now its waters, fiercely swollen,
Proved too deep for troops to cross,
And, though needed by the seamen,
All the help from him was lost.

All day long the booming echoed
O'er the coast and down the Bay,
But at night it ceased its rumble,
And the fleet was drawn away.
Only one boat met the outlook
As the morning dawned again;
That one on a shoal had stranded,
Spite of curses from the men.

Soon the flames shot up in grandeur,
And the boats were lowered away,
But our men were bent on boarding,
While the flames were holding sway;
So they quickly gained her rigging,
Seized her colors and her stores, •
Left her just before the thunder
Of her bursting struck the shores.

Eagle scanned the fight in progress
With an eager, anxious gaze,
And he saw that grand fleet beaten —
Watched their flight in deep amaze.
But his ear again detected
Sounds which came from off the land,
Filled with deep and fearful meaning
For our young, yet gallant band.

Shrieks, and howls, and dismal groaning,
Came to wither Eagle's heart,
And too well he knew the meaning
Of those sounds from distant parts;
Knew the red men then were rushing
On their victims unaware —
Knew the shrieks, and groans, and pleadings,
Struggled out through dark despair.

When had fled Sir Peter Parker,
And was hushed the sullen boom,
Eagle swept to frontier portions
Where had come this fearful doom;
There the murders, tortures, burnings
That were laying waste the land,
Made him weep that he, though seeing,
Could not lend a helping hand.

But the echoes swept the country
Till the soldiers caught the tones,
And a host went out, in pity
For those wild, despairing moans.
Warriors met them, but they conquered —
Laid their blooming lands to waste —
Left them dead beside their victims,
Stamped with shame and foul disgrace.

Hope beat high and wild for Freedom
When those gallant ranks combined,
And, in one united Congress,
Independent papers signed.
Free from Britain! free from serfdom!
Stood that noble, stalwart clique!
July fourth thus made immortal
Seventeen hundred seventy-six!

Eagle heard the declaration
And his heart with hope beat high;
For he knew that now this Nation
On its own strength must rely,
Up the coast again he hastened,
For brave Washington he loved,
And he longed to watch the army
From his mystic realm above.

But a dark, disastrous conflict
Came to crush his heart anew,
For our soldiers, camped at Brooklyn,
Seemed to curse the Briton's view.
Thirty thousand watched and waited
For the midnight's mystic gloom,
While those brave ones, scarce ten thousand,
All unconscious, neared their doom.

Sleep had hovered o'er the camp-ground,
With its witching dreams of home,
And afar, 'mid scenes of safety
In those dreams they seemed to roam;
And the tones of distant loved ones
Fell like music on the ear,
For they mingled with the home scenes
Long unknown, yet still so dear.

Night was waning, and the glimmer
Of the stars that watched their sleep,
Twinkled brightly ere the morning
That would gather o'er the deep.
But the moon, with sudden pity
For the scenes she saw ahead,
Veiled her face in gloomy sadness
With the curtains round her bed.

Through the stillness came no warning
Of the foe who crept so near,
With their stealthy tread, so even,
Throbbing gently on the ear;
But the sleeping soldiers reveled
In their dreams of sweetest bliss,
And their lips in fancy trembled
'Neath a mother's holy kiss.

Hark! the sharp report of muskets
Sends a chill to every heart;
And from off their rustic couches,
Stern and fierce they wildly start!
Pickets send the message swiftly
From the coast, along the lines,
That the troops are fast approaching
With their fierce and warlike signs!

Brave Lord Stirling, marching toward them,
Formed his lines for quick defense;
Formed them sternly on a hillside
Crested o'er with forests dense.
There he made a sharp resistance,
Taking sure and deadly aim,
While, from distant quarters round him,
Sounds of deadly conflict came.

Sullivan's troops were sternly posted
Back of breastworks, on a hill;
Deaf to danger, watched they sharply,
While the British came so still.
Every man, with gun well pointed,
Waited for a closer aim;
Waited for a chance to mow them
As they slowly upward came.

Hark! a volley close behind them —
That in front was just a feint!
Horror seized them, and the wildness
Which prevailed, no pen can paint!
Just between two heavy fires —
Saw they naught but dark defeat;
And they fled in deepest terror,
Dying in their wild retreat.

Eager British soldiers met them
As they rushed from out the wood,
And their stricken forms lay bleeding
Where just now the foeman stood.
Only now and then a handful
Cut their way through British lines;
Others, frantic, sought the forest,
Only darker death to find.

Sullivan vainly tried to stay them,
For his men were wild with fright;
Yet a few remained beside him
In the breastworks on the height.
Fought they there like valiant heroes,
Till so pressed they needs must flee,
For they knew no help could reach them,
Though their troops had all been free.

Stirling, pressed by double numbers,
Fought with brave, undaunted soul,
Till he heard the noise of muskets
From his camp at Brooklyn roll.
Safety called for instant action,
And he made a bold attack;
Under cover of this onset
All his troops fled safely back.

Eagle, filled with deepest horror,
Watched the conflict as it raged,
And he saw that stern and dauntless
Was the war the British waged.
All their plans were safely guarded,
And their men were sharply drilled;
While our ranks, so lately gathered,
Seemed with frantic terror filled.

Now they scattered, wild with anguish,
Rushing on to certain death,
Yet they uttered prayers for Freedom
With their last, departing breath.
Thickly strewn, their ghastly faces
Blanched with horror as they fell,
And their life-blood trickled darkly
O'er the soil they loved so well.

Washington's troops, across the river,
Heard the dismal, sullen boom,
And the din, and rush, and rattle,
Filled their hearts with deepest gloom.
Soldiers sadly watched and listened
To the dull and dismal sound,
And in fancy saw their comrades
Scattered, bleeding, o'er the ground.

Hotly dashed the British forces
On the heels of fleeing men,
As, disordered and dejected,
Rushed they into camp again.
Washington, in deepest anguish,
Saw that all indeed was lost;
And he knew this last resistance
Had been made at fearful cost.

Closer gathered Howe his army,
Throwing up intrenchments high,
Day by day, with brave approaches
Slowly, surely drawing nigh;
Shortly they would mount our breastworks,
Take our men all captives grim;
Thus they chuckled in their triumph,
Getting all in warlike trim.

But, one morning, still and deathly
Seemed our camp, so close to view,
And the sentinels crept toward it,
Fearing, what, they scarcely knew.
But they cautiously approached it,
Peering in with startled gaze —
For the camp was bare and vacant,
Which, last night, was all ablaze.

O'er the river, borne in barges,
Had nine thousand men escaped,
And the British, close beside them,
Not a sound had heard them make.
Near New York our soldiers quartered,
And the troops from Brooklyn brought,
Gladly found themselves in safety
After all the ruin wrought.

Eagle hovered o'er Long Island,
Fiercely flitting back and forth,
For the dark stains on the grasses
Showed the battle's bloody course.
Here were crushed his own heart's treasures,
Gasping out a voiceless prayer;
They had fought for peerless Freedom —
Eagle's highest, noblest care.

Dark and vengeful were his glances
As he watched Howe close them in,
For he knew their well-placed cannon
Freedom's ranks would shortly thin.
But he dashed o'er Brooklyn's camp-ground,
Saw them lower their gleaming tents,
And he almost shouted wildly
As the barges bore them hence.

But the boom of cannon deepened,
For they strove to gain New York;
They had gained the stations round it —
Made their work both sure and short.
Just a sorry, faint resistance
Made by raw and frightened men,
Was the strength our troops could muster,
And the British won again.

Sad and drooping was the plumage
Of our birdling, once so proud;
For his dear, devoted country
Seemed enveloped in a cloud.
Eagle settled near the army
Which retreated miles away,
And his head drooped down in sorrow,
'Neath the clouds so dark and gray.

Short his dark and dreary musings,
For his self-hood gained its sway,
And he cast the darkness from him,
Wooring back the smiling day.
Should he, Freedom's proudest birdling—
Who had braved the wildest storms—
Droop and die because defeated,
Like those stiff and gory forms?

Proudly from his rest he vaulted,
And his eyes gave forth a gleam;
And he shook himself in triumph,
Casting back his somber dream;
Upward, till he caught the sunbeams
As they met him, pure and free,
All his strength of soul and sinews
Pledged, henceforth, for Liberty.

Oh, what value lies in sunlight;
Brooklyn's dark and dread defeat
Made the sky seem grim and ghastly,
In their sad and sore retreat.
Officers had fled in terror,
Volunteers seemed quite insane,
And our Eagle saw no gleaming
Of the sunlight on the plain.

Now, since he had caught the glimmer
Of the light and gorgeous day,
Sunbeams came in joyous ripples,
Flashing jewels on the way.
Armies rallied, standing firmly
While the foe against them dashed;
They had turned the picture over,
Looking where the sunlight flashed.

But a distant booming echoed
From afar, o'er hill and dale,
And it caught our Eagle's hearing
Like a dismal, ghostly wail.
Though he noticed Howe preparing
For attack upon our men,
Still he thought, before they ventured,
He might greet his loves again.

O'er the forest, happy, hopeful,
Flitted noiselessly our bird,
List'ning gladly to the music
He for months had scarcely heard;
Rippling, swelling, mellow, joyous,
Shouted out from tiny throats,
Came those welcome, winsome measures
From the warbling, dancing host.

Now a long deserted brooklet,
Trickling down its winding course,
Pleaded for a glance of greeting
With its gentle, winning force;
And the somber hills and mountains
Stiffly smiled from hoary crests,
Casting up their bright reflections
For a gem on Eagle's breast.

Now and then a pink-hued cluster
Threw him up a fragrant breath,
Or a drooping, loving blue-bell
Mutely beckoned him to rest.
Now a feathered, filmy fern leaf
Shook her plumage as he passed,
Then a trim and tufted balsam
Boldly on his vision flashed.

Yet he passed them by unanswered,
Though he longed for just one day;
But the firing in the distance
Urged him still away, away!
So he cleft the ether sternly,
Casting down one loving glance
As he saw the beck, so gaily
O'er its pebbly bottom dance.

As he neared the heavy booming,
Saw he water once again,
And the snowy sails of war-ships
Met his view on Lake Champlain.
Arnold's tiny boats were fighting
'Gainst a grim and monstrous fleet,
Yet, with stern, unflinching valor
Feared he not the foe to meet.

Sullenly the sails were flapping,
And the cordage creaked and groaned;
And the wind in fitful gushes
Through the rigging sighed and moaned,
And the blinding smoke came belching
From the sides, with sudden lurch,
And the grim hail rattled fiercely
As it sped in deathly search.

Now a spar would crack and totter,
And the cordage snap and twirl,
Then a crash, and spar and canvas
O'er the side would fiercely whirl;
And the shrieks of drowning heroes,
As, in vain, they clung for life,
Echoed up from out the billows
In their mad and ghastly strife.

Arnold, 'gainst such fearful numbers
Gave them long and tedious fight,
But, as night came o'er the waters,
Gathered he his troops for flight.
In the morning, when the twilight
Blossomed out in gorgeous day,
Captain Pringle saw no canvas
Save his own, which near him lay.

Arnold fled for Ticonderoga,
Seeking shelter 'neath the fort,
But the foe, by hot pursuing
Reached him ere he entered port;
Yet he fought them, sharply, fiercely,
While his foremost boats escaped;
Then he landed, burned his vessels,
And his course for safety shaped.

Carleton followed, only stopping
At Crown Point to take command;
But the other post defied him
From the water and the land.
Cold, bleak winter was approaching,
With its ice, and snow, and sleet,
So the leader and his forces
Drew away in grim retreat.

Eagle saw their lines retreating
O'er the dark, uneven ground,
And he watched their swaying motions,
As through deep defiles they wound.
Then he shouted forth his rapture,
For he saw that here, at least,
Through the dreary days of winter,
War, with deeds of gore, must cease.

Gladly sped he homeward, homeward —
Shouting out a glad refrain,
Scarcely glancing down beneath him
In his flight o'er hill and plain.
He was sure his loves were watching
For his coming, day by day;
But, though fain to feel their kisses,
Duty called him far away.

So he shut his ears to music
Which for him had sweetest charms,
And he shortly gained the quarters
That were rife with war's alarms.
British troops had pushed our soldiers
Slowly back from place to place,
'Till again, with hearts discouraged
Fled they from the Briton's face.

Stalwart troops were still arriving,
Filling up Howe's able band,
While our forces, sad and gloomy,
Were too weak to make a stand.
Thus, from place to place they posted,
Giving up as Howe marched on,
'Till the British claimed the Islands—
Owned Forts Lee and Washington.

Newark, Trenton and New Brunswick
Each in turn were left behind,
And our troops, their time expiring,
For their treasured home scenes pined.
So they left our hero helpless,
Backward driven by a host;
Scarce two thousand stood beside him
When he needed help the most.

O'er the Delaware he hastened
Just as Howe's force came in sight;
Thirty thousand well trained soldiers,
Ready, eager for the fight.
Howe gazed out across the river
With a proud, triumphant smile,
For he saw our scanty numbers
Weakly toward their quarters file.

Eagle hovered o'er the camp-ground,
With his head in sadness bowed;
For he saw the glory vanished
Which had made him once so proud:
But the dear commander lingered,
Hopeful still through all this loss,
Though he feared, the river frozen,
Howe would march his troops across.

O'er the river Eagle flitted,
Viewing now the British host
Scattered far o'er wealth of country,
From the midlands to the coast.
Seemed it now indeed as useless
For our small and meager band
'Gainst such odds to offer battle,
As now scattered o'er the land.

Other men perhaps might falter
'Gainst such wildly fearful odds;
But our hero knew no fainting
In the course his footsteps trod.
Freedom's star before him twinkled —
Freedom's banner o'er him waved!
Would he see the star-beams darkened,
Or the banner go unsaved?

Washington set out to conquer —
For he knew his cause was just;
And he ne'er would see his banner
Trailing sadly in the dust!
So he called for new enlistments,
But the people saw no hope;
Then he knew his meager handful
Through the gloom alone must grope.

Merry Christmas, with its pleasures
Came at last in chilling state,
And the frost-king breathed his vengeance
Filled with piercing, pinching hate.
Washington sent two divisions
O'er the Delaware, to fight;
Leading on a third to Trenton
Through this cold and bitter night.

But the ice proved quite disastrous
To his happy, well-formed scheme,
For *his* band, alone successful,
Landed o'er the ice-bound stream.
Yet, though bitter cold the marching,
Pressed they on with footsteps firm,
For their nerves were steeled for battle,
And their hearts were bold and stern.

Early morning showed them Trenton,
With its Hessian guards in place,
But they dashed upon them quickly,
As they met them face to face.
And so steady was the onset,
And so bold the battle borne
That one thousand Hessians yielded —
Of their boasting quickly shorn.

But the rest rushed back in terror,
Making sure and safe retreat,
While our hero seized their colors,
Which went trailing at his feet.
Then he crossed again the river
O'er its rugged, ice-bound shores,
Brought to camp, in blissful triumph
All their cannon, arms and stores.

One more brave division landed
O'er the piles of gathered ice,
And, when news from Trenton reached them,
Still pressed on to join the strife.
But the British fled in terror,
As on Bordentown they marched,
And our troops were filled with triumph,
Though the frost-king clutched their hearts.

Back to Trenton drew our forces,
Which, since fortune smiled again,
Numbered near five thousand heroes,
Loyal, brave and stalwart men.
Here Cornwallis marched against them,
Belching thunder through the day,
But at night our force retreated,
Passing Princeton, on the way.

Here the earnest, noble Mercer —
Washington's most valued friend —
Fought and died, a valiant hero,
Firm, unflinching to the end.
Sharp, and stern, and fierce the battle;
Britons boldly, bravely bled,
'Till our country's life and honor
Rested on a slender thread.

Young, undisciplined and timid
Were the troops our hero led,
And so hotly pressed the Britons
That their courage drooped and fled.
Then the savior of our country —
Knowing Princeton *must* be won —
Offered up his *life* for Freedom,
Though the strife had just begun.

He had pledged himself, his honor —
And the pledge was sacred yet —
Thus to win our country's Freedom,
Or his life should pay the debt.
Now, amid his sinking soldiers,
With his grand and noble mien,
Tried he thus their strength to rally,
As he rushed their ranks between.

But disorder only thickened;
All his efforts were in vain;
They had been so long in action
That their hearts were numb with pain!
Then, with keenest anguish cutting
Through his soul, so full of woe,
Proudly reined he up before them,
Sternly facing toward the foe.

Well they knew the fearful meaning
Of this pleading, mute appeal!
Could they see him, in his manhood
Die a martyr to his zeal?
There he stood, so stern and silent,
Facing straight the eager foe;
Ah! they rush with frantic gesture!
Into line they quickly go!

Eagle watched with throbbing pulses
As he saw the men give way,
For he knew the cause was hopeless
If the British won the day.
Then he saw the vain endeavors
Of his grand and faithful friend,
And his agony was fearful
As he guessed the doleful end.

Oh! he could not see him murdered
As he wheeled and took his stand!
He would breathe his life out freely
For this leader and his band!
Ah! his mute appeal is answered —
Soldiers fill the ranks again;
Yet, oh horror! stands he firmly
'Twixt the British and his men!

What can save him from the bullets?
They will pierce him through and through!
Eagle gave one cry of anguish,
Then before him sternly flew.
Deadly shots now thickly rattled —
Fierce the cannon boomed around —
But our hero, calm, undaunted,
Stood alone, without a wound.

Eagle plumed his ruffled pinions
As he lighted near the field,
While a song of deep thanksgiving
From his bosom softly pealed!
He had done his duty nobly,
For his chief a target seemed;
Yet, as cleared the smoke around him,
All unharmed his form was seen.

Now the British fled, disordered,
Washington had won the day
By his cool and daring conduct,
Setting foe and fear at bay.
He had turned the tide of battle —
Now he pushed away for rest,
Breaking down the bridge at Kingston
So pursuit could not be pressed.

Eagle hovered o'er our hero,
With his drooping hopes revived;
For he saw, with deepest triumph
That our cause was still alive.
Then he flitted o'er the country,
Swooping down to catch the sounds
That were uttered by the people
As the news went speeding 'round.

Deepest joy, all unsuspected
Came to swell his troubled heart,
For he saw this fearful battle
Thrilled and throbbed through every part.
Howe's whole force seemed bent on plunder
As they idly passed their days,
And they roused the people's anger,
By their reckless, heartless ways.

Thus, when Washington, so dauntless,
Kind, and firm, and bold of heart,
'Gainst a host his own troops planted
In a conflict fierce and sharp,
When he bore away triumphant
Laurels they ne'er thought to win,
Hearts and hopes arose in triumph —
Volunteers came thronging in.

Short, though peaceful, was their resting
As at Morristown they lay,
For the British could not rout them,
Though their troops should come that way.
'Mid the hills they rested safely,
Strongly guarded, day and night;
And the foe, though trebly numbered,
Dare not draw them out to fight.

Washington sent out detachments
Through the rifled Jersey lands,
Getting back his losses bravely
From the boasting British bands.
Thus he kept his noble army
Driving back the British host,
Just as *they* had once been driven;
On and on, from post to post!

Howe's attention turned toward Peekskill,
Where McDougall held command,
But McDougall's friends gave warning,
And he drew away his band.
Lord Cornwallis wanted Bound Brook,
Where brave Lincoln's forces lay,
But, though nearly all surrounded,
Through their ranks they cut their way.

Danbury went to swell the conquests
That our men were forced to yield,
But the British depredations
Soon were doomed to other fields.
Arnold pressed across the country,
Giving battle to their troops,
And, with skirmish after skirmish,
Followed, 'till they gained their sloops.

Then our men commenced attacking
In return for British raids,
And they seized their stores in triumph,
Sent their vessels to the shades.
Scores of prisoners were captured
In these skirmishes so wild,
Who were forced to join the marching,
As to camp again they filed.

Thus our Eagle's mind was harrassed,
Watching o'er so broad a space,
Keeping track of all Howe's movements,
Flitting round from place to place.
But when Howe sent out his armies
With a view to gain our rear,
Flashed he down with softest whispers
To our chief, to him so dear.

Soon with joyous heart he saw him
Giving out a quick command,
And his forces hastened swiftly
Toward the mountain guarded land.
Thus again they gained the passes
Which the British longed to seize,
And again they felt the kisses
Of the buoyant mountain breeze.

But those armies came against them,
And the Brandywine they crossed,
Fighting still like valiant heroes,
Though at deep and fearful cost.
Sharp reports now echoed wildly
Through the valleys, o'er the hills,
And the booming of the cannon
Shook the leaflets, o'er the rills!

Fierce the battles at the stations
Where our chief had posted men,
For the British, with their thousands
Rushed to combat once again.
At Chad's Ford our chief was posted,
With the main part of his force,
While the British sent their missiles
Straight across the water-course.

All our troops were beaten backward
In a quick, confused retreat,
And they halted first at Chester,
'Till the scattered men could meet.
Morning found them marching onward,
Mourning sadly o'er their fate,
While the British, all triumphant,
Vented forth their bitter hate.

Grim defeat had clutched our army,
For they failed at every turn;
And a fate seemed thrown around them
Dark and vengeful, deep and stern.
Yet bold Wayne, with his detachment
Came in contact with the foe,
Drove them back in wild confusion
With a fierce, decided blow.

Washington was still undaunted,
Though his heart was filled with grief;
He would *die, without surrender*,
Though the struggle might be brief!
Once again he planned a battle,
Once again he led the way;
Germantown lay idly dreaming
As they charged, at dawn of day.

But again they met disaster,
Though they fought like heroes still;
For the British met them fiercely,
Sweeping toward them with a will.
Grim retreat again was ordered,
And our men rushed back to camp,
And the dense fog crooned around them,
Drifting o'er them cold and damp.

O'er the Delaware Fort Mifflin
Frowned, with cannon hoarse and grim,
Redbank stood, in hoary sternness,
Just across, with guns in trim.
British troops, 'neath flying colors
Came to lay these stations low,
But the guns, all belching madly,
Gave their hopes a deadly blow.

Soldiers dropped, 'neath leaden missiles
Sent with firm, unerring aim,
And their officers lay dying,
Who so boldly onward came.
Sadly marched the remnant homeward,
While the vessels, sent to fight,
Grounded on the sandbars near them,
Helpless, now, for work or flight.

Eagle sailed o'er Howe's great army,
Listened to his angry cry,
And he knew our men at Mifflin,
Some, at least, were doomed to die.
For this noble stream they needed,
And they cared not for the cost;
So they made grim preparations,
Though the air was keen with frost.

Batteries were built near Mifflin,
And the ships were got in place,
While a stormy cannonading
Shortly echoed back in chase.
'Neath the heavy, deadly missiles
Mifflin soon was beaten down,
While the garrison at Redbank
Left the fort, and safety found.

Howe now tried to force a battle,
Moving 'round to draw them out,
But our chief, in camp at Skippach
Let them send their troops about.
When at last they left their station,
And he saw the coast was clear,
Valley Forge was made his camp-ground
Through the winter, bleak and drear.

Eagle often thought of Schuyler
'Mid the hills on Lake Champlain,
Where his weak force, grim and quiet,
Through the winter frosts had lain.
All the summer he had flitted
O'er his loved and honored chief;
Now, in peaceful rest he left him,
Though this resting might be brief.

Pained with doubt, and fear, and sorrow,
Eagle gazed once more around,
Gave a prayer for Princeton's hero,
Swept above the frozen ground.
On his way he met no greetings,
Caught no pink-hued blossom's glance;
And the birds had ceased their music,
And the becks their bubbling dance.

Still and white the scenes beneath him,
And the wind grew colder still,
And the trees — their boughs snow-laden —
Stretched their arms out stiff and chill.
But he came where piled-up timbers,
Formed for breastworks, met his view,
And he knew the course of battle
Had these fearful wilds passed through.

With his hopes in wild commotion,
Eagle swept above the hills,
'Till he reached Ticonderoga,
Where his heart with terror chilled.
No more saw he now the waving
Of the blessed stars and stripes,
But the British flag, in triumph
Flaunted out upon his sight.

Like a dream he seemed to follow
All the flight of that poor band,
As it spread away beneath him,
Fierce, appalling, stern, yet grand.
Here he saw Burgoyne's vast army
Rushing up to take the forts,
Then he seemed to hear the cannon
In their heavy, glum reports !

Here St. Clair, with just a handful
Crept away from certain death,
Sending part out o'er the water,
Mute and chill, with bated breath.
But the British soon pursued them,
And at Skenesborough gave them fight,
Where their stores were all deserted,
And the whole troops joined the flight.

Brave St. Clair, who led the land troops
Pushed for Castletown in haste;
But a large and prompt division
Gave him hot and speedy chase.
Now his rear-guard, faint and weary,
Halted, weak from swift retreat,
But the British rushed upon them,
Bringing sad and sure defeat.

Then, with hearts all sad and gloomy
Toward Fort Edward rushed our men,
For they wished to rest their forces
Ere they met the foe again;
And the troops which Long commanded
Sadly gathered at Fort Ann,
But the British still pursued them,
Driving out the weary band.

Ere they left they fired the fortress,
And away in terror sped,
All their hopes placed on Fort Edward
Where the other band had fled:
And they gathered there exhausted,
Deeply stricken with their loss,
For the forts and brave defenses
All were built at fearful cost.

Schuyler, thus to gain a respite,
Set his men to felling trees;
Then the bridges all were broken —
Scattered out upon the breeze.
Thus Burgoyne advanced but slowly
As he marched to crush the foe,
And he found Fort Edward vacant,
After all his toil and woe.

Thus they kept Burgoyne impeded
As he followed up the chase,
Moving safely out before him,
Toiling on from place to place.
Stark gave battle to his forces,
Which at Bennington he met,
And the town, thus saved from plunder,
Offered up no sad regret.

Other sad and stern disasters
Came to hurt the royal cause,
For Gansvoort, who held Fort Schuyler,
Brought their army to a pause.
Here Burgoyne had sent St. Leger
With command to take the fort,
But, when summoned to surrender,
Bold defiance gave Gansvoort.

Then St. Leger stormed the fortress,
And, when Herkimer appeared,
Placed in ambush scores of Indians,
Wild, untamed, with hatred bleared.
Herkimer led on his heroes,
Unsuspecting, brave and bold;
But they all fell, crushed and bleeding
As that tempest o'er them rolled!

Now came word that Arnold neared them
With a strong and brave command,
And the news brought consternation
To that bloated savage band.
Thus St. Leger was defeated,
And he raised the siege at last,
Leaving all his stores behind him
As to Montreal he passed.

But the armies slowly gathered
For a grand, decisive raid;
And they marched to meet in battle,
With their plans all deeply laid.
At Stillwater came the meeting;
Each band claimed the victory,
But, though stern and fierce the battle,
Neither gained supremacy.

Night in somber silence settled,
Forcing foemen from their feuds,
And they left the gory gorges,
Neither army yet subdued.
So Burgoyne drew up his forces
Just beyond our cannon's range,
Throwing up a line of breastworks
'Till his quarters he could change.

Meanwhile General Lincoln's army
Was at work upon Lake George;
And the chains began to weaken
Which by Royalty were forged.
People saw that will and courage,
And a strong, united force,
Soon would turn the restless channel
Of the battle's surging course.

Thus, when next Burgoyne attacked them
With his old and steady corps,
Men met men with nerves unflinching
Which were weak and faint before.
Arnold, always brave in battle,
Led his men to hottest fight;
And, though steeds were shot beneath him,
Still he fought with giant might.

In the night Burgoyne moved backward —
Placed his troops in strong array,
And his cannon, doubly shotted,
Fiercely boomed throughout the day.
In the night his troops retreated,
Leaving baggage, stores and sick,
While the rain rushed ranting o'er them,
And the mud was deep and thick.

When at last the rain was over
Gates pursued the vanquished foe,
Who at Saratoga met him
With a faint, disordered show.
Short the battle, and decisive,
For Burgoyne was fairly caged;
And the haughty troops surrendered,
'Neath the war our forces waged.

Eagle's dream at last was over,
And the mystic spell was gone;
Then he turned him sadly homeward
In the frost of early dawn;
But he cast his eyes in sorrow
O'er the posts our men had lost,
For that widely spread destruction
Left the country tempest tossed.

Home again! But oh, how sadly
Gazed he o'er his cherished ones,
For their winter stores had failed them —
They had fallen short of funds.
In their march to winter quarters
O'er the rough and frozen ground,
They had marked, with gory footprints
Where their weary way had wound.

Scant and tattered was their clothing,
And their bare feet crushed the snow
As it piled in heaps around them,
And the storms passed to and fro;
Then, when famine came upon them
And their nerves grew weak and faint,
Eagle watched their hopeless anguish,
Though they uttered no complaint.

Winter lingered long and loving
In the lap of gorgeous spring,
But at last his reign was over,
And the snowflakes wept their king.
France had joined to fight the British,
And our troops new courage gained,
Fighting boldly, though so haggard —
Though so lately hope had waned.

But the British pushed their conquests,
Throwing out their scattered bands,
'Till the towns were wrapped in terror,
And a gloom oppressed the land.
Burned they down our vessels grimly,
'Till the Delaware was free,
Which they now in peace commanded
Through the Jerseys to the sea.

La Fayette had gained position
On the hills a few miles out;
William Howe would fain surprise him,
And his gallant forces rout.
But the Marquis, brave and thoughtful,
While they came with muffled tramp
Made retreat through wooded passes,
Leaving Howe the vacant camp.

British leaders, sorely frightened
Now the French were joining in,
Ordered Howe from Philadelphia,
Where his troops had idle been;
Passed they out without a skirmish,
Though our troops were scarce restrained;
But they marched the streets in triumph
While the rear guard yet remained.

Washington disliked to spare them
'Till he gave one parting call,
So he followed with his forces,
Though so haggard and so small.
But they fought the foemen bravely,
As they turned to meet the fray,
Fighting on, 'till Henry Clinton
Meekly drew his troops away.

Washington demanded Newport,
Since the fleet from France arrived,
And he thought at once to gain it
By the help from her derived.
But a storm came swiftly o'er them,
And the fleet was scattered wide,
While on land their stores were flooded,
And unsheltered soldiers died.

But they dried their guns and powder,
And began a fearful siege,
Daily gazing out to seaward,
Watching for their foreign liege
Ah! at last his sails are sighted,
And the men exulting cry;
But D'Estaing will not help them—
And they raise the siege and fly.

British hosts, with hatred swelling,
Burned our towns, and ships, and stores,
And the shouts that cheered the burning
Echoed out from Sylvan shores.
Spars and masts all burned to cinders
Toppled o'er like somber pall,
And the hulks, in glowing blackness
Mutely cursed their fiendish call.

Skirmish followed skirmish closely,
Britons cutting off our men;
Next, their soldiers thickly falling,
As they turned to fight again.
British fleets were trained for battle,
Moving out in conscious pride;
But a storm would strike them fiercely —
Dash them out upon the tide.

Winter storms were now approaching,
And our chief drew back his troops,
While the British army hastened
Toward the South, in Parker's sloops.
There the winter favored fighting,
On the balmy southern coast,
So they left New York well guarded,
Striking out for distant posts.

Eagle saw our troops in quarters,
Then he turned from camp away;
For his ear had caught the wailings
Rising louder, day by day,
That were forced from murdered settlers
Who had sought the wild frontier,
Where the refugees and Indians
Joined to keep them crushed with fear.

He had heard the dismal wailing,
Early in the summer borne
On the fragrant breeze that caught it,
From the dying victims torn;
But his heart was with the army
In its dreary, dark campaign,
And he lingered, as he listened
To the fearful sounds that came.

Now he hastened o'er the country,
And his heart grew dull and faint;
For the horrors which had happened
No skilled hand could ever paint!
All the beauty, grand and blooming
Of Wyoming's lovely vale,
Had by savage hands been wasted,
'Mid the murdered settlers' wail.

Here again his vision opened,
And he saw as in a dream
All the fierce details of murder
Which with blood had dyed the stream;
And his heart was almost palsied
With the bitter, vengeful hate
Which had wrought such ghastly ruin
Through this young and blooming State.

Refugees in painted grimness
Joined the savage Indian sports,
And, while terror seized the inmates,
Stormed Wyoming's slender forts.
High in air the axe was lifted,
Then it cleft the shrinking brain,
And the forms, all gashed and bleeding,
Lay in piles, convulsed with pain.

Still more hideous was the hatred
Which the demons showed at last,
For, the women, men and children
In the fort they fiercely massed!
Locked within it, flames were lighted,
And the dry wood roared and seethed,
While the demons danced and shouted,
And the sky with smoke was wreathed!

Stalwart troops were sent to quell them,
Who their reeking footsteps pressed,
While their raids throughout Virginia
Now received a sharp arrest.
Colonel Clark marched out against them;
Fearful toils his heart endured;
And the settlers blessed the hero
Who had peace at last secured.

Eagle's breath came short and hurried
As the blasting vision passed,
For his eye saw naught but ruin
Where before such beauties massed.
Crumbled walls, and blackened fences,
And the soil all dead and dark,
Seemed to cry for Eagle's vengeance —
Lying there so still and stark.

But a sound from southern countries
Came in all its startling force,
Shiv'ring, booming through the mountains,
Pointing out war's surging course.
High in air our Eagle vaulted —
Left those marks of savage sway —
Dashed o'er mountain, stream and forest
In the gloom at dawn of day.

Nearer grew the sounds of combat
As he sped o'er hill and dale,
And the sun looked bright and smiling,
Since he left Wyoming's vale.
Still some signs of warfare met him,
For the frontier near him lay,
And he almost heard the war-whoop
Piercing through the forest gray.

Toward the booming, onward, onward
'Till Savannah flashed ahead,
And the sunbeams o'er her bosom
Soon dispelled his dismal dread.
Then he saw our men surrounded
By an angry British host,
And he saw our forces vanquished,
Sadly fleeing from their post.

Next he saw Augusta captured,
For the British won the day;
But at length, although they conquered,
They were slowly drawn away.
Yet our men took post below it,
And the British gained their rear,
While the poor souls fled in frenzy,
Dying in the marshes near!

Troops were led to capture Charleston,
Which had been a favored post;
But Prevost now marched to seize it,
Drawing up his well trained host.
But he found our men were stubborn,
For they would not heed his threat,
So he stole away at midnight,
Creeping off with deep regret.

Lincoln bravely drew his forces
Out to battle with the foe,
For among his small detachment
Men were eager for the blow.
So he dashed on Stono Ferry,
While his troops kept steady pace;
Gave them back such deadly battle
That in fear they left the place.

Thus, while Georgia was invaded,
In Virginia war was rife,
For the British sent detachments
Through the land in mortal strife.
And they pillaged from the settlers,
Burned the military stores,
Seized their richly laden vessels,
Left in fear those rifled shores.

British troops were gaining numbers
From the fleets sent o'er the sea,
And their shipping seemed exhaustless,
With the harbors all so free.
They commanded all the waters,
Keeping other ships at bay,
While our chief remained defensive,
Waiting, watching, day by day.

On the mystic, matchless Hudson,
Where the rocks rose high in air
And the sun, in softest glintings
Flashed its amber jewels rare —
Where the breeze in sweetest rapture
With the laughing sunbeams joined,
In its grim and sullen stillness
Stood the fort of Stony Point.

Just across the flashing waters,
On a point stood La Fayette;
But our troops were forced to yield them,
Though they yielded with regret.
Stony Point was soon abandoned —
La Fayette stood firm at first,
But at last Sir Henry Clinton
Through their works in triumph burst.

Manning both the forts with Britons,
Clinton turned to other parts,
For he hated brave New England
For her independent charts.
Clinton sent his eager forces
O'er Connecticut's fair coast,
And New Haven fell a victim
To the dreaded British host.

Next, to Fairfield came the army
With its fierce and wild intent,
Where they forced their way in anger,
On their demon orgies bent.
Public property they wasted,
Burned the brisk and lovely town,
Cursed the pleading, houseless females,
As they left the ravished ground.

Norwalk shared the fate of Fairfield —
Greenwich next was all in flames,
But the gathering of our forces
Drove them from their fiendish games.
Still, New London claimed their hatred,
Though they dare not risk a raid,
For the men rushed forth to guard it,
And the boasters' work was stayed.

This was Tryon, with his minions,
Who had played this fiendish part,
And our Eagle watched him fiercely,
Deepest vengeance in his heart;
He had heard the fearful wailings
Of the homeless, foodless babes,
And he cursed the heartless author
Of these worse than Indian raids.

Stony Point again was captured,
Yet they gave them back the post;
They had gained the end desired —
Drawn back Tryon from the coast.
Clinton tried to force a battle,
Threatening, daring out our men —
But our chieftain, safely guarded,
Dare not risk a battle then.

Lovell bravely planned a battle
In Penobscot's lovely bay,
Rounding up with jaunty squadron,
Boldly urging on the fray.
But a fortnight's constant booming
Made no impress on the fort,
And assault upon the stronghold
Only seemed like daring sport.

But a fleet came down upon him
Ere the final shock had come,
And he fled before the tempest,
While his heart grew chill and numb.
Boats and crew were dashed in pieces,
Lovell cast 'mid pathless wilds;
And the few who with him lingered,
Famished, worn, through forests filed.

Major Lee pressed out in secret —
Charged a post the British held,
And so still had been his movements
That, with force, his onset fell.
But, as soon as boomed the cannon,
Signals flashed from far and near,
And he left with scores of captives
While the hostile coast was clear.

Eagle saw the troops preparing
For a deadly frontier war,
And he thought of dark Wyoming —
Saw its deeds enacted o'er !
Daring men went out to fight them,
Who were met with boldest front,
But the red men left, discouraged,
All too weak to bear the brunt.

Pulaski, Lincoln and D'Estaing
Hurled their armies, strength and fleet
Toward reducing proud Savannah,
For Prevost still held the seat.
Long and sharp the cannonading,
But at length they stormed the town;
Yet the fierce, unequal struggle
Cut our gallant soldiers down.

Days and days had thus been wasted,
And our men had died by scores;
Still Savannah stood the tempest,
Though it came with fearful force.
Sadly was the battle yielded —
Sadly pressed the grim retreat,
While D'Estaing, sailing westward,
Met a storm which swept his fleet.

O'er Savannah Eagle lingered,
Circling sadly 'round the slain
Lying there, their upturned faces
Spattered o'er with dark red stains.
If D'Estaing, in his hurry
Could have brooked a slow approach,
Lips that now lay still and speechless
Might have breathed a victor's notes.

But, to counteract his sorrows
Came the news from Colonel White,
Who, with only six bold comrades,
Charged a camp, one autumn night.
Scores of lights at first he kindled,
Cried "surrender!" which was done;
And the force thus strangely captured
Was *one hundred forty one!*

But the British forces centered
In one grand, decisive siege,
Which, for months and months was forming,
On the land, and o'er the seas;
All the while our army weakened —
Men, discouraged, left the field —
Others, 'neath the royal urging,
Helped the cause, when thus appealed.

Charleston was a post they needed —
And their plans were deeply laid;
So, by safe and slow approaches,
They, for months, sure progress made.
Lincoln sent his scouts appealing
For assistance in the fort,
But the men, so oft defeated,
Sick of war, would not report.

Troops now gathered close about them,
Vessels drew in triumph 'round —
Moultrie, once so well defended,
Other occupants had found.
Lincoln's parties — guarding passes —
Soon were routed and dispersed,
And 'twas plain the storm approaching
O'er their heads would shortly burst.

Stout resistance gave our soldiers,
Though besieged on sea and land;
But at length our meager forces
Yielded to the stern command.
Men were dead and dying 'round them —
Guns dislodged and ramparts torn —
While the soldiers, nearly foodless,
Were, from hardships, deeply worn.

Eagle viewed with deep dejection
Charleston's fall 'neath British arms,
For the country lying 'round it
Soon would throb with dread alarms.
Well he knew the sun of Freedom
Once so bright would darkly wane,
Should our southern army perish
And the soil the British gain.

Now, to quell the stubborn forces
Clinton ordered out his troops —
Striking boldly through the country,
Spreading o'er the sea his sloops.
This he thought would awe the people,
And submission thus be gained;
But it only served to weaken
Deeply forged and galling chains.

Tarleton marched his legion onward,
Bound for Colonel Buford's camp,
Where he met the gathered soldiers,
With their ardor sadly damped;
On he led his ranting demons,
Cutting down with ruthless hand,
And, though hard they begged for quarters,
Slaughtered soldiers strewed the land.

Eagle sailed around in anguish,
Swooping down in wild despair,
With his heart all torn and bleeding
Like the heroes struggling there.
Tarleton's quarters! Yes, such quarters
As the fiends might blush to own!
Somewhere, in the distant future
Tarleton's quarters might come home!

Now was shown the love of Freedom
Which was felt throughout the south,
For, though Britons ruled the country,
Valiant men still pressed about.
British rules had forced submission,
But at heart their cause was dear;
And the insults and oppressions
Of the British brought no fear.

Colonel Sumpter, who had suffered
 Outrage deep from royal bands,
Gathered 'round him scores of patriots
 Battling fiercely through the land.
From their tools they forged their weapons,
 Made their balls of pewter plates,
And, though sometimes roughly beaten,
 Beat them back, with double rates.

Shortly after Charleston yielded
 Clinton heard — from o'er the sea —
That a large French fleet was coming,
 Which would battle for the free;
So he led his forces outward —
 Left Cornwallis at the fort —
Marched in splendor through the country,
 As if born and bred at court.

Gates came onward with his army,
 And the patriots joined his band;
But Cornwallis marched to meet them
 As they crossed a marshy land.
Well he knew, this battle yielded,
 All the south would rise in arms;
So he charged, and won the contest,
 Patriots fleeing in alarm.

Brave DeKalb alone stood firmly,
 And resisted to the last;
But the hero dropped in battle
 As he bravely onward dashed.
Wounds were thick about his person,
 And he shortly passed away,
While the twilight settled calmly
 O'er his cold and lifeless clay!

Eagle's life had almost left him,
Watching o'er such fearful deeds,
And his heart, so lately buoyant,
Sadly wept o'er Freedom's needs.
Must this struggle feed oppression?
Or, would-Freedom win at last?
Were the sad and doubtful questions
That our Eagle often asked.

O'er the seas Paul Jones had skirmished,
Gaining laurels for his skill,
Beating off huge British frigates —
Taking prizes with a will.
Swift Bon Homme Richard served him
As a brave, determined slave —
Dashing o'er the tossing waters,
Undismayed by wind or wave.

But at last a grim fate met her,
And she sank to peaceful rest;
And the billows rolled above her,
As her shattered form they pressed !
But the Serapis was captured,
And Paul Jones had won his fame,
Ere the traitor's hand had struck her
With its bold and deadly aim!

Clinton hastened to the Hudson
When he left the southern States,
And he settled down inactive,
In suspense to watch and wait.
Now the French might come upon him,
All his guns were trim and free;
So he waited, idly listening
To the moaning of the sea.

But at length this quiet galled him —
He was thirsting for a fight;
Then he took a strong detachment,
Marching out in conscious might.
Springfield lay in quiet beauty
As they dashed upon the town,
But an obstinate resistance
From the outposts, cut them down.

They retreated for a moment,
And our forces manned the hill;
Here they dare not march against them,
Though the town they shortly filled.
Clinton sent the flames careening
Through the homes which bloomed around,
Marched away across the Jerseys,
Leaving woe where joy was found.

Though the fleet came o'er the Ocean,
No brave action was commenced;
So the troops — for winter quarters —
To the Jersey lines were sent.
But our Eagle hovered southward,
Where the British pushed their raids,
Who, like fiends, still harrassed settlers,
Crushed their wives and tender babes.

For a time this carnage lasted —
Settlers fleeing for their lives —
With their whole possessions wasted
By the demons' bloody knives.
But there came a check upon them,
For the frontier settlers clanned,
And together met the British
With a strong and stalwart band.

Ferguson, through North Carolina
Gaining troops, had now been sent,
Calling out the loyal subjects —
Robbing foemen as he went;
'Gainst him bold and stalwart settlers
Like avenging angels came,
And they met him in the forest
Where, from trees they took their aim

British troops gave fearful battle,
But these hunters closed them in;
When one band was driven backward,
Others would the strife begin.
But a ball now pierced the leader,
And his men laid down their arms,
While the pioneers marched homeward,
Welcomed back by love's sweet charms.

Morgan sent a party outward
Who, at Clermont tried a ruse;
Only small arms had they with them,
Which would prove of little use.
But they turned a pine log toward them,
Which for cannon had to serve,
And their summons for surrender
Was obeyed without a word.

Next, to Ninety-six he sent them,
And surprised the forces there,
Colonel Washington, as leader,
Coming up all unaware.
Scores of men were killed and wounded,
And they fiercely seized the rest;
While, by growing bands of settlers
British troops were sorely pressed.

Sumpter still their outposts harrassed —
Marion led a bold force out,
Who, attacking small detachments,
Put the foe again to rout.
If pursuit he feared would find him,
Backward to the swamps he fell,
Hiding in the dark recesses
That our Eagle loved so well.

But their chief, to stop forever
All disturbance from our men,
Sent out Tarleton with his demons,
Ripe for conquest once again.
Morgan was so brave and dauntless
That they longed to cut him down;
So they pressed their forces forward
O'er the sadly wasted ground.

Morgan knew his force was trifling
By the side of Tarleton's horde,
And he feared the van would reach him
Ere he crossed Broad river ford;
So he massed his troops at Cow Pens —
Firmly met the vaulting foe —
For his matchless Continentals
Sternly caught the fearful blow.

'Neath their firm and stout resistance
Britons shortly broke and fled;
Morgan followed up his triumphs,
Though his men had freely bled.
But they took five hundred prisoners,
All their wagons, horses, stores,
Dashed away in hasty marches
'Till they reached Catawba's shores.

Onward, 'till the stream was forded,
Sure his troops would be pursued;
Morgan knew, though badly beaten,
Tarleton's force was not subdued.
If Cornwallis—waiting somewhere—
Gained the news of his defeat,
He would send a force to crush him
Ere his troops could make retreat.

Gates had been relieved from duty;
Greene held now the whole command,
And he quickly rushed to Morgan
O'er a dismal waste of land.
On the night that Morgan crossed it,
Dark Catawba's waters rose,
And Cornwallis, as he neared it,
Saw the fates had interposed.

Yet the waters soon subsided
And Cornwallis passed the ford,
Driving back those sent to guard it,
With his fierce and angry horde.
But our forces gained upon them,
Nearing where the Yadkin flows,
And they crossed the river quickly,
When again the water rose.

But Cornwallis was determined
On a battle with our force,
And he traversed miles of marshes
Ere he crossed the swollen course.
Then he strove to press the battle
Ere Virginia's soil was gained,
But they reached the Dan and crossed it,
And his efforts were in vain.

Eagle sailed above the soldiers
With his heart in mortal fear,
For he thought the foe would reach them,
Now the van had come so near.
But the drenching rain had saved them —
They had gained a safe retreat,
Where the weary, toil-worn soldiers
Bathed their gashed and bleeding feet.

Lee and Pickens led their forces
Out to harrass Tarleton's band,
Which was out enlisting soldiers
For the welfare of the land!
They were training at Hillsborough —
Pickens charged, with deadly blows —
What escaped were killed by Tarleton,
For he deemed them all his foes.

Greene at length recrossed the river,
And at Reedy Fork took post;
There Cornwallis swiftly hastened,
While the fog concealed his host.
Sharp and fierce the brief encounter,
And our men were driven back;
But pursuit was not attempted
O'er the wild, uneven track.

Greene now gained fresh re-enforcements,
And a battle shortly planned
Which in woe surpassed all others,
Striking terror through the land.
All his force was closely stationed
On the hill, with forests crowned,
Waiting, back of Guildford court-house
For the foe to reach the ground.

On they charged, and stern and fearful
Was the storm and shock that fell,
And our men were slowly driven,
Though a part sustained it well.
Yet, though charged, and charging fiercely,
For awhile they held the field;
Then came terror — and the forest
Only seemed a partial shield.

Side by side, in writhing anguish
Friend and foe alike were thrown,
And the heart grew sick with horror,
Pierced by curse, and shriek, and groan.
All night long it rained in torrents
On their poor, unsheltered forms,
And the ground was soaked and flooded
From the fearful, blinding storms.

Eagle strove to shut his hearing —
Strove his agony to drown
By a sweeping, surging circle
O'er the crimson flooded ground;
Angels stooped from shores elysian —
Bathed in tears, and wild with woe —
Stooped and gathered up their darlings,
Leaving lifeless forms below.

Greene sent outward small detachments,
Swooping down on British posts,
While his army marched toward Camden,
And Cornwallis toward the coast.
Lee and Marion reached Fort Watson,
Swiftly built a breastwork near —
Stormed the fort, which humbly yielded,
For the storming was severe.

Rawdon, in command at Camden
Knew that Greene would try his strength,
And he called for re-enforcements,
That were sent to him, at length.
General Greene, to intercept them
Marched his force to Hobkerk's hill,
Hoping there to win the contest,
Leaving Rawdon helpless still.

Rawdon heard of Greene's decision —
Planned a secret meeting there —
Marched his troops in triumph forward,
Coming up with stealthy care.
Greene, surprised, was still undaunted,
Though his troops at last gave way;
Then the battle turned against him
And Lord Rawdon won the day.

Back to Camden drew Lord Rawdon,
Knowing Greene was not subdued;
Then he burned the town and left it,
Thus still fostering the feud.
He had found the foe were closing
Slowly, surely, 'round his post,
And he knew his chance was waning
For a safe march to the coast.

Under Marion, Lee and Sumpter
Was a brave, determined host;
And they kept up ceaseless warfare
Down the Santee to the coast.
On the Congaree they skirmished —
On Black river gained a fort,
And the posts were all invested
By this stern and stalwart horde.

Clarke and Pickens, like those others,
Kept the foe in constant fear,
For they rose as if by magic,
When there seemed no danger near.
Stores were captured, forts invested —
Bands compelled to give up arms —
And the settlers prayed for freedom
From the woe of war's alarms.

Lee and Pickens joined their forces
In a slow and measured march,
And Augusta was the object,
Which must meet their deadly darts.
All those forces gathered 'round her,
And the siege was fierce and hot;
But at length the British yielded
'Neath the deadly stream of shot.

Greene to Ninety-six now hastened,
And at once commenced the siege,
While the soldiers gained his plaudits
For their brave and daring deeds.
Close they pressed upon the fortress,
But the men refused to yield;
And for days the cannon's booming
Wildly through the forest pealed.

Long and obstinate the battle,
And our men were gaining ground,
But Lord Rawdon came to meet them,
Bravely fought, and saved the town.
Greene retreated from the contest,
Making marches swift and long,
And he gained a place of safety,
Though pursued by Rawdon's throng.

Rawdon feared another battle
If he lingered at this post,
So he left it, and retreated
To a station near the coast.
Greene's brave troops, all worn and weary,
Crossed the placid Congaree,
Where they rested from their labors
On the hills of fair Santee.

Ere they crossed the placid river
Towns and forts had met their doom;
Marion, Lee and Sumpter joining,
Bringing death, despair and gloom.
At Monk's corner stores were taken,
Men and horses met their fate;
And those stern and valiant heroes
Won their foemen's bitter hate.

Now the soldiers' rest was peaceful
'Neath the woods on Santee's hills,
For the banks were thronged with blossoms,
Down the slopes ran scores of rills.
Through the heat of summer sunbeams
Lingered they in placid rest,
Watching dawn burst o'er the forest —
Twilight gather in the west.

When at length their rest was over,
They were sent to Eutaw Springs;
Where the British met them firmly,
Strong in center, flank and wings.
Bravely fought both sides, and boldly,
But our men at last gave way,
And the British, though they claimed it,
Scarcely won the bold affray.

Greene marched out upon Dorchester —
Fought, and gained the post with ease,
While the heroes under Pickens
Marched against the Cherokees.
Indian war-whoops rang out boldly,
Victim's cries were all in vain,
But brave Pickens stilled the war-cry
Which had brought such fearful pain.

While the south was thus invested,
In the north the sky was black;
For the troops were poor and ragged,
And the pay was dull and slack.
Congress could not raise the money,
And a mutiny was planned,
Only quelled, at length, by payment
Of a part it owed the band.

Arnold, now a vengeful traitor,
Through Virginia swept his way,
Seizing stores and rifling homesteads,
Holding fierce and lordly sway.
Once so brave and strong for Freedom,
Bribes had turned his faithless heart;
And his name brought deepest terror
As he swept that tranquil part.

Washington, in hopes to check him,
In his fearful, fiendish course,
Sent out LaFayette to Richmond
With a small, yet daring force.
Then Cornwallis joined with Arnold,
Rushed to Richmond with his horde,
But the Marquis hastened from it
As the British through it poured.

Albemarle was now invested,
British forces drawing near;
But the stores the town still boasted
LaFayette held wondrous dear.
Britons guarded all the passes,
But the Marquis, bound to win,
Cleared a road, and passed unnoticed,
Safely, swiftly marching in.

Thus Cornwallis missed the booty
Which his plans had well-nigh won,
And he drew away his forces
'Neath the early morning sun.
LaFayette marched out behind him,
Skirmished sharply on the way,
But he dare not risk a battle,
Lest the foe should win the day.

Arnold's fiendish troops still reveled
In a carnage foul and dark —
Pressing on with double numbers,
Leaving foemen stiff and stark.
Then Cornwallis, camped at Yorktown,
Sent out bands, on forage bound,
While he placed redoubts and fieldworks
Strongly guarded, o'er the ground.

Strong French fleets had crossed the Ocean,
Bringing troops who braved the storm,
And our men received them gladly,
Weak, discouraged, and forlorn.
Washington now met the leader,
And they planned a daring scheme —
Drew their armies off to Yorktown,
While the fleet sailed up the stream.

Count de Grasse the fleet commanded,
And the French force on the land
Under Rochambeau were marshalled,
Joined with Washington's command.
Closely round the fort they gathered —
Threw up breastworks in the night,
And Cornwallis, at the dawning
Saw no hope, except in flight!

Long and fierce the siege at Yorktown,
Though no help could reach the post,
For the place was all invested
By a grand, determined host!
Yet Cornwallis thought to pass them,
And at night his troops embarked;
But a storm came o'er the waters,
Vengeful, riotous and dark !

Eagle flitted o'er and o'er them,
Filled with triumph, eager, wild !
For he saw no help could reach them,
Since our men so closely filed.
Gloucester Point was also fated,
For they hemmed the two forts in,
And the daring, allied forces
Eagle knew would surely win.

Firm, unflinching were the leaders,
And the men drew deadly aim
'Till the works were torn and shattered,
And a white flag outward came!
Terms were offered, and accepted,
And the men laid down their arms,
While Cornwallis, deeply humbled,
Yielded up his choicest charms !

Consternation spread through England
When they heard of Yorktown's fall,
For they deemed Cornwallis peerless,
Yet there came this fearful pall!
But the news of their disaster
Told them Congress was not dead;
And they saw no way to conquer,
Though their best men fought and bled!

People cried for peace and quiet,
'Till the clamor reached the king;
Then a peace was put in progress
Which would independence bring!
Independence to those brave ones
Who had sternly fought the foe —
Who had suffered toils and hardships
In the midst of deepest woe.

Yorktown proved the last encounter,
Save a skirmish now and then,
But the troops remained inactive
While a treaty Britain penned.
This for months and months was pending
In the courts beyond the sea,
But at last peace was concluded,
And America was free!

Peace at last! No more sad marches,
No more weary, toilsome raids;
But the gory, ghastly hillsides
Silent loomed o'er glens and glades.
Peace was won! And high in Heaven
Eagle's silver crest was poised,
While he gazed o'er FREE COLUMBIA!
Land where centered all his joys!

Peace was won! His work was ended,
And he proudly cleft the air,
While his heart went out in rapture
Toward the land to him so fair!
Once again he longed to wander,
Happy, careless, as of yore,
Ere the sound of carnage echoed
Fiercely out from shore to shore.

Thought he of the gentle love-notes
That came breathing on the air,
As the beck threw up her rainbows
'Neath the boughs that whispered there;
Of the bright-hued, tempting blossoms
Who looked up from beds of moss,
As they shook their trembling petals —
Light and fair as silken floss.

Voices long unheard seemed calling,
And he longed to greet his loves!
Longed to catch their gentle glances
As they watched his flight above.
Gladly plumed he now his pinions —
Gazed around with fondest pride —
Poised himself aloft and flitted
Far away from Ocean's tide.

Back along the frontier pressed he,
Greeting becks and birds again;
Throwing down a wealth of sunlight
To the deep and tangled glen.
Mountain tops once more upheld him —
Brooklets quenched his eager thirst,
And he sported, free and happy
'Mid the scenes which o'er him burst.







